经典的回声 · ECHO OF CLASSICS

朝花夕拾

DAWN BLOSSOMS PLUCKED AT DUSK

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藤野先生

东京也无非是这样。上野的樱花烂熳的时节，望去确也像绯红的轻云，但花下也缺不了成群结队的“清国留学生”的速成班，头顶上盘着大辫子，顶得学生制帽的顶上高高耸起，形成一座富士山。也有解散辫子，盘得平的，除下帽来，油光可鉴，宛如小姑娘的发髻一般，还要将脖子扭几扭。实在标致极了。

中国留学生会馆的门房里有几本书买，有时还值得去一转；倘在上午，里面的几间洋房里倒也还可以坐坐的。但到傍晚，有一间的地板便常不免要咚咚咚地响得震天，兼以满房烟尘斗乱；问问精通时事的人，答道，“那是在学跳舞。”

到别的地方去看看，如何呢？

我就往仙台的医学专门学校去。

Mr. Fujino

Tokyo was not so extraordinary after all. When cherryblossom shimmered in Ueno, from the distance it actually resembled light, pink clouds; but under the flowers you would always find groups of short-term "students from the Qing Empire," their long queues coiled on top of their heads upraising the crowns of their student caps to look like Mount Fuji. Others had undone their queues and arranged their hair flat on their heads, so that when their caps were removed it glistened for all the world like the lustrous locks of young ladies; and they would toss their heads too. It was really a charming sight.

In the gatehouse of the Chinese students' hostel there were always some books on sale, and it was worth going there sometimes. In the mornings you could sit and rest in the foreign-style rooms inside. But towards the evening the floor of one room would often be shaken by a deafening tramp of feet, and dust would fill the whole place. If you questioned those in the know, the answer would be: "They are learning ballroom dancing."

Then why not go somewhere else?

So I went to the Medical College in Sendai.

从东京出发，不久便到一处驿站，写道：日暮里。不知怎地，我到现在还记得这名目。其次却只记得水户了，这是明的遗民朱舜水先生客死的地方。仙台是一个市镇，并不大；冬天冷得利害；还没有中国的学生。

大概是物以稀为贵罢。北京的白菜运往浙江，便用红头绳系住菜根，倒挂在水果店头，尊为“胶菜”；福建野生着的芦荟，一到北京就请进温室，且美其名曰“龙舌兰”。我到仙台也颇受了这样的优待，不但学校不收学费，几个职员还为我的食宿操心。我先是住在监狱旁边一个客店里的，初冬已经颇冷，蚊子却还多，后来用被盖了全身，用衣服包了头脸，只留两个鼻孔出气。在这呼吸不息的地方，蚊子竟无从插嘴，居然睡安稳了。饭食也不坏。但一位先生却以为这客店也包办囚人的饭食，我住在那里不相宜，几次三番，几次三

Soon after leaving Tokyo I came to a station called Nippori; somehow or other, even now I remember the name. The next place I remember was Mito, where Zhu Shunshui who was loyal to the Ming Dynasty after its downfall died in exile. Sendai was a small market town, very cold in the winter, with as yet no Chinese students studying there.

No doubt the rarer a thing the higher its value. When Peking cabbage is shipped to Zhejiang, it is hung upside-down in the greengrocer's by a red string tied to its root, and given the grand title "Shandong Vegetable." When the aloe which grows wild in Fujian comes to Peking, it is ushered into a hothouse and given the beautiful name "Dragon-Tongue Orchid." In Sendai I too enjoyed such preferential treatment; not only did the school not ask for fees, but several members of the staff even showed great concern over my board and lodging. At first I stayed in an inn next to the gaol, where although the early winter was already quite cold, there were still a good many mosquitoes, so I learned to cover myself completely with the quilt and wrap my clothes round my head, leaving only two nostrils exposed through which to breathe. In this area, shaken by my continuous breathing, mosquitoes could find no place to bite; thus I slept soundly. The food was not bad either. But one of our staff thought that since this inn also catered for the convicts, it was not fitting for me to stay there; and he pleaded with me earnestly

番地说。我虽然觉得客店兼办囚人的饭食和我不相干，然而好意难却，也只得别寻相宜的住处了。于是搬到别一家，离监狱也很远，可惜每天总要喝难以下咽的芋梗汤。

从此就看见许多陌生的先生，听到许多新鲜的讲义。解剖学是两个教授分任的。最初是骨学。其时进来的是一个黑瘦的先生，八字须，戴着眼镜，挟着一迭大大小小的书。一将书放在讲台上，便用了缓慢而很有顿挫的声调，向学生介绍自己道：——

“我就是叫作藤野严九郎的……。”

后面有几个人笑起来了。他接着便讲述解剖学在日本发达的历史，那些大大小小的书，便是从最初到现今关于这一门学问的著作。起初有几本是线装的；还有翻刻中国译本的，他们的翻译和研究新的医学，并不比中国早。

那坐在后面发笑的是上学年不及格的留级学生，在校已经一年，掌故颇为熟悉的了。他们便给新生讲演每个

time and again. Though I considered the fact that this inn also catered for the convicts had nothing to do with me, I could not ignore his kindness, so I had to look for a more fitting place. Thus I moved to another house a long way from the gaol, where unfortunately I had to drink taro tuber soup every day, which I found rather hard to swallow.

After this I met many new teachers and attended many new lectures. The anatomy course was taught by two professors. First came osteology. There entered a dark, lean instructor with a moustache, who was wearing glasses and carrying under his arm a pile of books, large and small. Having set the books on the table, in slow and most measured tones he introduced himself to the class:

"My name is Fujino Genkuro...."

Some students at the back started laughing. He went on to outline the history of the development of anatomical science in Japan, those books, large and small, being works published on this subject form the earliest time till then. There were first a few books in old-fashioned binding, then some Chinese translations reprinted in Japan. So they had not started translating and studying new medical science any earlier than in China.

Those sitting at the back and laughing were students who had failed the previous term and been kept down, who after one year in the college knew a great many stories. They proceeded to ragale the

教授的历史。这藤野先生,据说是穿衣服太模胡了,有时竟会忘记带领结;冬天是一件旧外套,寒颤颤的,有一回上火车去,致使管车的疑心他是扒手,叫车里的客人大家小心些。

他们的话大概是真的,我就亲见他有一次上讲堂没有带领结。

过了一星期,大约是星期六,他使助手来叫我了。到得研究室,见他坐在人骨和许多单独的头骨中间,——他其时正在研究着头骨,后来有一篇论文在本校的杂志上发表出来。

“我的讲义,你能抄下来么?”他问。

“可以抄一点。”

“拿来我看!”

我交出所抄的讲义去,他收下了,第二三天便还我,并且说,此后每一星期要送给他看一回。我拿下来打开看时,很吃了一惊,同时也感到一种不安和感激。原来我的讲义已经从头到末,都用红笔添改过了,不但增加了许多脱漏的地方,连文法的错误,也都一一订

freshmen with the history of every professor. This Mr. Fujino, they said, dressed so carelessly that he sometimes even forgot to put on a tie. Because he shivered all winter in an old overcoat, once when he travelled by train the conductor suspected him of being a pickpocket and warned all the passengers to be on their guard.

What they said was probably true: I myself saw him come to class once without a tie.

A week later, on a Saturday I think, he sent his assistant for me. I found him sitting in his laboratory among skeletons and a number of separate skulls — he was studying skulls at the time and later published a monograph on the subject in the college journal.

“Can you take notes of my lectures?” he asked.

“After a fashion.”

“Let me see them.”

I gave him the notes I had taken, and he kept them, to return them a day or two later with the instruction that henceforth I should hand them in every week. When I took them back and looked at them, I received a great surprise, and felt at the same time both embarrassed and grateful. From beginning to end my notes had been supplemented and corrected in red ink. Not only had he added a great deal I had missed, he had even corrected every single grammatical mistake. And so it went on till he

正。这样一直继续到教完了他所担任的功课:骨学、血管学、神经学。

可惜我那时太不用功,有时也很任性。还记得有一回藤野先生将我叫到他的研究室里去,翻出我那讲义上的一个图来,是下臂的血管,指着,向我和蔼的说道:——

“你看,你将这条血管移了一点位置了。——自然,这样一移,的确比较的好看些,然而解剖图不是美术,实物是那么样的,我们没法改换它。现在我给你改好了,以后你要全照着黑板上那样的画。”

但是我还不服气,口头答应着,心里却想道:——

“图还是我画的不错;至于实在的情形,我心里自然记得的。”

学年试验完毕之后,我便到东京玩了一夏天,秋初再回学校,成绩早已发表了,同学一百余人之中,我在中间,不过是没有落第。这回藤野先生所担任的功课,是解剖实习和局部解剖学。

解剖实习了大概一星期,他又叫我去了,很高兴地,仍用了极有抑扬的声调对我说道:——

“我因为听说中国人是很敬重鬼

had taught all the courses for which he was responsible: osteology, angiology, neurology.

Unfortunately, I was not in the least hard-working, and was sometimes most self-willed. I remember once Mr. Fujino called me to his laboratory and showed me a diagram in my notes of the blood vessels of the forearm. Pointing at this, he said kindly:

"Look, you have moved this blood vessel a little out of place. Of course, when moved like this it does look better; but anatomical charts are not works of art, and we have no way of altering real things. I have corrected it for you, and in future you should copy exactly from the blackboard."

I was very stubborn, however. Though I assented, I was thinking:

"My diagram was a good drawing. As for the true facts, of course I can remember them."

After the annual examination I spent the summer enjoying myself in Tokyo. By early autumn, when I went back to the college, the results had long since been published. I came halfway down the list of more than a hundred students, but I had not failed. This term Mr. Fujino's courses were practical anatomy and topographic anatomy.

After roughly a week of practical anatomy he sent for me again and, looking very gratified, said, still in the most measured tones:

"Having heard what respect the Chinese show

的,所以很担心,怕你不肯解剖尸体。现在总算放心了,没有这回事。”

但他也偶有使我很为难的时候。他听说中国的女人是裹脚的,但不知道详细,所以要问我怎么裹法,足骨变成怎样的畸形,还叹息道,“总要看一看才知道。究竟是怎么一回事呢?”

有一天,本级的学生会干事到我寓里来了,要借我的讲义看。我检出来交给他们,却只翻检了一遍,并没有带走。但他们一走,邮差就送到一封很厚的信,拆开看时,第一句是:——

“你改悔罢!”

这是《新约》上的句子罢,但经托尔斯泰新近引用过的。其时正值日俄战争,托老先生便写了一封给俄国和日本的皇帝的信,开首便是这一句。日本报纸上很斥责他的不逊,爱国青年也愤然,然而暗地里却早受了他的影响了。其次的话,大略是说上年解剖学试验的

to spirits, I was afraid you might be unwilling to dissect corpses. Now my mind is at rest, since this is not the case."

Yet sometimes too, inadvertently, he embarrassed me very much. He had heard that Chinese women had bound feet, but did not know the details; so he wanted to learn from me how it was done, how the bones in the feet were deformed. And he said with a sigh, "I should have to see it to understand. What can it really be like?"

One day the executives of the students'union of my class came to my hostel and asked to borrow my lecture notes. I found them and handed them over, but they merely looked through the notes without taking them away. As soon as they left, however, the postman delivered a bulky envelope, and when I opened it, the first line read:

"Repent!"

This was probably a quotation from the New Testament, but it had recently been used by Tolstoy. It was then the time of the Russo-Japanese War, and Count Tolstory wrote to both the Russian tsar and the Japanese mikado, opening his letter with this word. The Japanese papers denounced him roundly for his presumption; patriotic youths were most indignant too, though they had been influenced by him without knowing it. The rest of the letter was to the effect that the question for our anatomy test the previous year had been marked by

题目,是藤野先生讲义上做了记号,我预先知道的,所以能有这样的成绩。末尾是匿名。

我这才回忆到前几天的一件事。因为要开同级会,干事便在黑板上写广告,末一句是“请全数到会勿漏为要”,而且在“漏”字旁边加了一个圈。我当时虽然觉到圈得可笑,但是毫不介意,这回才悟出那字也在讥刺我了,犹言我得了教员漏泄出来的题目。

我便将这事告知了藤野先生;有几个和我熟识的同学也很不平,一同去诘责干事托辞检查的无礼,并且要求他们将检查的结果,发表出来。终于这流言消灭了,干事却又竭力运动,要收回那一封匿名信去。结末是我便将这托尔斯泰式的信退还了他们。

中国是弱国,所以中国人当然是低能儿,分数在六十分以上,便不是自己的能力了:也无怪他们疑惑。但我接着便有参观枪毙中国人的命运了。第二

Mr. Fujino on my lecture notes, and itwas because I knew them beforehand that I was able to pass. The letter was unsigned.

Then I recalled an incident a few days earlier. Because there was to be a meeting of our whole class, the students' executive had written an announcement on the blackboard, concluding with the words: “Please come without fail, and let there be no *leakage*.” The word “leakage” was underlined. Though I thought at the time that this underlining was funny, I paid no attention to it; now I realized it was directed against me too. Implying that I had got hold of the questions through some leakage on the part of our teacher.

I reported this to Mr. Fujino. A few students who knew me well were indignant too, and we protested to the executives against their rudeness in examining my notes under another pretext, and demanded that they publish the results of their investigation. So finally the rumour died, the executives tried by every means to recover that anonymous letter, and in the end I returned them their Tolstoyan missive.

China is a weak country, therefore the Chinese must be an inferior people, and for a Chinese to get more than sixty marks could not be due simply to his own efforts. No wonder they suspected me. But soon after this it was my fate to watch the execution of some Chinese. In our second year we had a new

年添教霉菌学，细菌的形状是全用电影来显示的，一段落已完而还没有到下课的时候，便影几片时事的片子，自然都是日本战胜俄国的情形。但偏有中国人夹在里边：给俄国人做侦探，被日本军捕获，要枪毙了，围着看的也是一群中国人；在讲堂里的还有一个我。

“万岁！”他们都拍掌欢呼起来。

这种欢呼，是每看一片都有的，但在我，这一声却特别听得刺耳。此后回到中国来，我看见那些闲看枪毙犯人的人们，他们也何尝不酒醉似的喝采，——呜呼，无法可想！但在那时那地，我的意见却变化了。

到第二学年的终结，我便去寻藤野先生，告诉他我将不学医学，并且离开这仙台。他的脸色仿佛有些悲哀，似乎想说话，但竟没有说。

“我想去学生物学，先生教给我的学问，也还有用的。”其实我并没有决意要学生物学，因为看得他有些凄然，便说了一个慰安他的谎话。

course, bacteriology. All the bacterial forms were shown in slides, and if we completed one section before it was time for the class to be dismissed, some news in slides would be shown. Naturally at that time they were all about the Japanese victories over the Russians. But in these lantern slides there were also scenes of some Chinese who had acted as spies for Russians and were captured by the Japanese and shot, while other Chinese looked on. And there was I, too, in the classroom.

"*Banzai*!" The students clapped their hands and cheered.

They cheered everything we saw; but to me the cheering that day was unusually jarring to my ear. Later when I came back to China I saw idlers watching criminals being shot, who also cheered as if they were drunk. Alas, there is nothing one can do about it. At that time and in that place, however, it made me change my mind.

At the end of my second year I called on Mr. Fujino to tell him I was going to stop studying medicine and leave Sendai. A shadow crossed his face and he seemed on the point of speaking, but then thought better of it.

"I want to study biology, so what you have taught me, sir, will still be useful." As a matter of fact, I had no intention of studying biology; but seeing he looked rather sad I told this lie to comfort him.

“为医学而教的解剖学之类，怕于生物学也没有什么大帮助。”他叹息说。

将走的前几天，他叫我到他家里去，交给我一张照相，后面写着两个字道：“惜别”，还说希望将我的也送他。但我这时适值没有照相了；他便叮嘱我将来照了寄给他，并且时时通信告诉他此后的状况。

我离开仙台之后，就多年没有照过相，又因为状况也无聊，说起来无非使他失望，便连信也怕敢写了。经过的年月一多，话更无从说起，所以虽然有时想写信，却又难以下笔，这样的一直到现在，竟没有寄过一封信和一张照片。从他那一面看起来，是一去之后，杳无消息了。

但不知怎地，我总还时时记起他，在我所认为我师的之中，他是最使我感激，给我鼓励的一个。有时我常常想：他的对于我的热心的希望，不倦的教诲，小而言之，是为中国，就是希望中国有新的医学；大而言之，是为学术，就是

“I fear subjects like the anatomy taught to medical students will not be of much help to you in the study of biology,” he said with a sigh.

A few days before I left he called me to his house, gave me a photograph on the back of which he had written “Farewell,” and said he hoped I would give him one of mine. Since I had no photographs at that time, he told me to send him one later when I had taken one, and to write to him regularly to tell him how I was doing.

After leaving Sendai I did not have a photograph taken for many years, and since there was nothing gratifying in my life and telling him would only disappoint him, I did not even dare write to him. As the months and years slipped by, there was so much to tell that I felt more perplexed for words; so though sometimes I wanted to write I found it hard to begin, and I have not yet written him a single letter nor sent him a photograph. As far as he is concerned, he must think I have disappeared for good.

But somehow or other I still remember him form time to time, for of all those whom I consider as my teachers he is the one to whom I feel most grateful and who gave me the most encouragement. And I often think: the keen faith he had in me and his indefatigable help were in a limited sense for China, for he wanted China to have modern medical science; but in larger sense they were for science,

希望新的医学传到中国去。他的性格，在我的眼里和心里是伟大的，虽然他的姓名并不为许多人所知道。

他所改正的讲义，我曾经订成三厚本，收藏着的，将作为永久的纪念。不幸七年前迁居的时候，中途毁坏了一口书箱，失去半箱书，恰巧这讲义也遗失在内了。责成运送局去找寻，寂无回信。只有他的照相至今还挂在我北京寓居的东墙上，书桌对面。每当夜间疲倦，正想偷懒时，仰面在灯光中瞥见他黑瘦的面貌，似乎正要说出抑扬顿挫的话来，便使我忽又良心发现，而且增加勇气了，于是点上一枝烟，再继续写些为“正人君子”之流所深恶痛疾的文字。

十月十二日。

for he wanted modern medical knowledge to spread to China. In my eyes he is a great man, and I feel this in my heart, though his name is not known to many people.

I had the lecture notes he corrected bound into three thick volumes and kept them as a permanent souvenir. Unfortunately seven years ago when I was moving house, a case of books broken open on the road and half the contents were lost including these notes. I asked the transport company to make a search, but to no effect. So all I have left is his photograph which hangs on the east wall of my Peking lodging, opposite my desk. At night if I am tired and want to take it easy, when I look up and see his thin, dark face in the lamplight, as if about to speak in measured tones, my better nature asserts itself and my courage returns. Then I light a cigarette, and write some more of those articles so hated and detested by “just minds and gentlemen.”

October 12